roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her